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CHIC YOUNG'S

BLONDIE

SMACK

SMACK

PAUL FUNG JR.

00709

BLONDIE®

CAUGHT IN A DITHER!

GOOD MORNING, DAGWOOD!

MORNING, BOSS!

I'M TIRED... I PLAYED CARDS TILL THREE THIS MORNING!

I BET CORA DIDN'T LIKE THAT!

I DON'T THINK SHE HEARD ME COMING IN... AND SHE WAS FAST ASLEEP WHEN I LEFT THIS MORNING!

JULIUS, YOU WORM! WHERE ARE YOU? JULIUS!

OH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKES!

BLONDIE

D-6872

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QUICK! HIDE UNDER MY DESK!

TRY TO CAEM HER DOWN... TURN ON THE OLD CHARM... AND KEEP HER AWAY FROM ME!

WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THAT SCOUNDREL? I KNOW HE'S HIDING AND I WANT TO SEE HIM FOR JUST ONE MINUTE—ONE MINUTE!

W-WHAT DID HE DO?

HE CAME IN AT THREE O'CLOCK THIS MORNING... THAT'S WHAT HE DID! NOW, WHERE IS HE?

PLEASE DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, MRS. DITHERS!

HE'S NOT IN THERE... BESIDES, ALL HUSBANDS DO THINGS LIKE THAT ONCE IN AWHILE!

DID YOU EVER STAY OUT THAT LATE?

SURE...ONCE I PLAYED POKER AND STAYED OUT TILL FOUR A.M.

AND I SUPPOSE POOR LITTLE BLONDIE WAS SITTING UP WORRYING HER HEART OUT!

WELL, IF I WERE BLONDIE, THIS IS WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE!

WAM!

OWW!

AND THIS... AND THIS!

THERE...NOW I FEEL BETTER — BUT I'LL FIND JULIUS AND WHEN I DO... HAW!

BOY...SHE SWINGS A MEAN UMBRELLA!

OKAY, DAGWOOD — THE FUN'S OVER — LET'S GET BACK TO WORK — WHERE'S THE REPORT YOU WERE WORKING ON?

FUN 'EH? WHAT A MAN TO WORK FOR!

LET ME HAVE THE REPORT ON THE FREDETTE DEAL!

YES, SIR — I STAYED UP ALL NIGHT FINISHING IT!

OH, NO! OH, MY GOODNESS...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

IT WAS IN MY BRIEF CASE, AND I MUST HAVE LEFT IT ON THE BUS!

BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE A KNUCKLEHEAD... WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH TO THE BUS TERMINAL TO FIND IT! COME ON, HURRY!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

I DEMAND TO SEARCH THE BUS!

NO, SIR YOU CAN'T SEARCH THE BUS...YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE LOST AND FOUND OPENS UP TOMORROW MORNING!

NO 21

BUMSTEAD, YOU'RE FIRED! FIRED!

CAN I GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND CLEAN OUT MY DESK?

MEANWHILE...

I FOUND THIS BRIEF CASE ON MY BUS — THIS ADDRESS WAS INSIDE

OH, THANK YOU...IT'S MY HUSBAND'S...I'LL TAKE IT TO HIM!

I'LL LEAVE IT HERE ON HIS DESK... I KNOW IT'S VERY IMPORTANT!

D.B.

LOOK! MY BRIEF CASE! THE GOOD FAIRIES MUST HAVE RETURNED IT!

LADY LUCK SURE IS ON OUR SIDE TODAY! QUICK... GIVE ME THAT REPORT!

DAGWOOD, YOUR REPORT IS A MASTER-PIECE...YOU GET A NICE BIG RAISE FOR THIS!

BUT, BOSS, DID YOU FORGET? YOU FIRED ME!

I WON'T FIRE YOU, DEAR BOY...INSTEAD HOW ABOUT LETTING ME GIVE YOU A REAL GOOD PUNCH IN THE NOSE?

ER...WELL... ALL RIGHT

THAT'S FOR ALL THE TROUBLE YOU CAUSED ME!

OUCH!

SMACK!

THANK YOU AGAIN, DEAR BOY — BY THE WAY... THIS IS A SPLENDID REPORT!

THANK YOU — AND YOU'RE WELCOME ...I THINK...

WELL, I DIDN'T GET THE RAISE... I GUESS I'M LUCKY TO GET MY JOB BACK!

DAGWOOD, MY WIFE IS BACK... HIDE ME ...QUICK!

OH?

ALL RIGHT, WHERE IS HE?

I CANNOT TELL A LIE, MRS. DITHERS ...HE'S HIDING UNDER MY DESK!

I HAVE YOU AT LAST — WORM!

NOW I WANT YOU TO GIVE DAGWOOD A NICE BIG RAISE FOR TELLING ME WHERE YOU WERE!

The End

BLONDIE

IT'S A SNAP!

COME ON, ELMER...YOU KNOW I'M GOING TO CATCH YOU!

COME HERE — I'M NOT GOING TO HURT YOU!

WHY ARE YOU PUPS RAISING SUCH A FUSS?

MAN, YOU'RE PUTTING UP AN AWFUL FIGHT TODAY!

WOOF

PLEASE, COME HERE... PRETTY PLEASE... HOW DID YOU GET UP HERE ANYHOW?

HEY!

LOOK OUT, HERB!

I GOT YOU!

THESE PUPS MUST THINK THEY'RE GOING TO GET A BATH!

YEOOW!

BLONDIE, WHAT'S HAPPENING ANYWAY?

DAGWOOD IS TRYING TO CATCH ALL OF OUR PUPPIES SO HE CAN TAKE A GROUP PICTURE OF THEM!

CAREFUL, DEAR!

JUST DON'T LET GO!

HOW MANY MORE PUPS DO I HAVE TO CATCH? THIS MAKES AN EVEN DOZEN—I KNOW WE ONLY HAVE FIVE!

I DO BELIEVE THAT'S THE LAST ONE, DEAR!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

IT WAS AN EFFORT, BUT WE FINALLY HAVE THEM ALL TOGETHER IN THE HOUSE!

BOY, WHAT A STRUGGLE! NOW WHERE DID I PUT MY CAMERA...

EVERYBODY SMILE!

CLICK CLICK

THESE PICTURES ARE GOING TO BE WONDERFUL ...GREAT!

NOW, DAGWOOD, BEFORE I TURN THE PUPPIES LOOSE, ARE YOU SURE EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT? FILM IN THE CAMERA... THE FOCUS...?

GOSH, WOULDN'T IT BE TERRIBLE IF I HAD FORGOTTEN, AFTER ALL THAT WORK?

EVERYTHING IS A-OKAY, DEAR ...YOU CAN LET THEM OUT ... I CHECKED AND MADE SURE THE CAMERA IS WORKING PROPERLY AND THERE IS FILM IN IT!

ALL RIGHT! COME ON, PUPS — LET'S GO OUT!

ARF/ARF

GO...GO NOW.... RUN OUT AND PLAY!

ARF! ARF! ARF!

I KNEW IT... I KNEW IT...I JUST KNEW IT!

ER....BLONDIE....I FOUND OUT THAT I FORGOT TO TAKE THE CAP OFF THE LENS!

YES...BUT THIS IS THE END OF THE ROLL!

BLONDIE MR. FIX IT!

HERB, MY CLOTHES WASHING MACHINE IS BROKEN...WILL YOU LOOK AT IT AND REPAIR IT FOR ME?

WELL, I'LL LOOK AT IT BUT I DON'T THINK I CAN REPAIR IT!

NOPE! I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THIS MACHINE—AND I WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN—BETTER CALL A REPAIRMAN

HOW DID I EVER GET SUCH A USELESS HUSBAND? I'LL ASK BLONDIE FOR SOME HELP!

BLONDIE, MY WASHING MACHINE IS BROKEN AND MR. BUTTERFINGERS IS TOO DUMB TO EVEN TRY TO FIX IT!

WELL, DAGWOOD, CAN REPAIR ANYTHING... I'LL SEND HIM OVER!

LOOK HOW EASILY HE GOES ABOUT IT—DAGWOOD CAN FIX ANYTHING!

I FOUND WHAT'S WRONG—I'LL FIX IT IN A JIFFY!

ALL IT TAKES IS A FEW SIMPLE ADJUSTMENTS... THERE...THAT SHOULD DO IT!

JUST WHY AREN'T YOU SMART ENOUGH TO DO THAT?

THERE YOU ARE, TOOTSIE, IT'LL WORK AS GOOD AS NEW NOW!

YOU'RE A GENIUS... THANK YOU EVER SO MUCH!

HE'S A GENIUS—I'M A USELESS SO AND SO—I'LL JUST GO AND HIDE SOMEWHERE!

YOU OUGHT TO THANK DAGWOOD—NOW I CAN DO YOUR LAUNDRY!

BOY, AM I A DUMMY... IT'S AWFUL TO HAVE YOUR WIFE THINK OTHER HUSBANDS ARE SMARTER THAN YOU ARE, BUT CAN I HELP IT IF I'M NOT MECHANICALLY MINDED?

HERBERT... COME QUICK... THE MACHINE ISN'T WORKING RIGHT... SOMETHING IS WRONG! HERB—HELP!!! MY DRESS IS CAUGHT IN IT!!

HERBERT— HELP!

HERBERT!

SHE WANTS HELP ~ ALL RIGHT, HELP IS ON THE WAY!

HERBERT! HELP!

I'M ALL THUMBS AND TOO DUMB TO FIX THESE THINGS SO I SENT FOR DAGWOOD, DEAR!

HI, CAN I...

DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD... YOU GO BACK HOME!

PARDON ME WHILE I DIE LAUGHING!

THE END

BLONDIE

IN LOSING YOUR COOL!

OH, YEAH? WHEN? JUST TELL ME WHEN?

I'LL ANSWER THE DOOR!

RING

DADDY--IT'S RANDY--HE WANTS TO KNOW IF I CAN GO TO THE MALT SHOP WITH HIM!

NO, COOKIE, IT'S TOO LATE NOW...YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT EARLIER!

OH, DADDY...PLEASE, PLEASE...IT'S NOT THAT LATE...PLEASE!

WELL, GO ASK YOUR MOTHER... IF SHE SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT... IT'S OKAY WITH ME, TOO!

ALL RIGHT, DADDY!

WHAT? YOUR FATHER IS TRYING TO PASS THE RESPONSIBILITY ON TO ME! DAGWOOD I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!

PLEASE, MAMA, PLEASE, MAY I GO?

BUT, BLONDIE, ALL I SAID WAS.....

IT'S THE SAME THING EVERY TIME! I'm STOP YELLING AT ME!

MAMA... DADDY... CAN I GO... CAN I ?

NOW, BLONDIE... LET ME...

DON'T TALK TO ME! DON'T TOUCH ME! I DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS IT!

BLONDIE, ALL I SAID...I-I MERELY...

CAN I GO--HUH?

IF YOU CARED ANYTHING ABOUT ME...IF YOU LOVED ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THOSE THINGS!

BOO HOO

BOO HOO

HOW ABOUT IT -- CAN YOU GO, COOKIE?

GOSH, RANDY... I DON'T KNOW... I SEEM TO HAVE UPSET MY FOLKS, AND THEY HAVEN'T GIVEN ME AN ANSWER!

YOUR MOTHER AND I MADE UP -- IT'S JUST A MISUNDERSTANDING WE HAD, COOKIE, AND WE DECIDED YOU MAY GO ...BUT BE HOME BY TEN O'CLOCK...THERE'S SCHOOL TOMORROW.

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL RANDY!

A NOTE FROM -RANDY!

Dear Cookie m-
Got tired of waiting — besides, the malt shop closed, so I'll see you in school tomorrow.
Randy

OH, WAH, BOO, HOO, HOO!
I KNOW···I JUST KNOW···I'LL NEVER SEE RANDY AGAIN···
I KNOW IT···I KNOW IT···
BOO, HOO, HOO!!

I THOUGHT COOKIE WAS DIFFERENT, BUT GUESS IT'S TRUE, ALL CHILDREN ARE 'TEMPERAMENTAL' THESE DAYS ...I WONDER WHY...

A Cool Ending?

DAGWOOD

A TAIL TO BE HOLD!

DAGWOOD, YOU HAVE LINT ALL OVER THE BACK OF YOUR COAT!

GOSH, AND I JUST HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO CATCH MY BUS

I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE CLOTHESBRUSH!

I CAN'T FIND IT EITHER... IT'S GONE!

THE END

The Familiar Doll

STORY BY...
NICOLA CUTI
ART BY...
PAUL FUNG JR.

One bright, summery Sunday Mimsy, who had dark eyes and raven-black hair, went on a picnic with her mother and father.

They drove their old car along several woodsey roads until they came to a small clearing beside a lake where a few wooden picnic tables and a stone fireplace had been set up. Satisfied that this was a perfect location for a pleasant day in the woods, they began to unload supplies from their car; but before they had even half of their food out, two other cars filled with people drove up. The arrival of company delighted Mimsy's parents, but Mimsy was a loner by nature and resented this uninvited intrusion. When she thought that no one was looking she wandered off into the woods.

"Don't go off too far," her mother shouted to her, but Mimsy didn't hear her.

"They don't care about us so why should we care about them," Mimsy said to her rag doll, Tash.

She didn't expect an answer and so she was quite startled to hear someone say; "I feel that way myself, sometimes."

A boy stepped on to the road from out of the woods and Mimsy recognized him as one of the intruders she had been trying to get away from. He had a clump of red hair on his head and his face was spotted with freckles. He was dressed like a country bumpkin and he reminded Mimsy of a wooden puppet.

"Howdy, my name is Ted," he said with a friendly grin on his face.

"Mimsy," was all Mimsy answered. She wasn't going to be polite to him. She wanted him to go away.

A long period of silence passed before he spoke again. "Do you always talk to your doll?"

"Tash is not just my doll, she's also my familiar."

Ted was puzzled. "What's a familiar?"

Mimsy knew that Ted probably wouldn't know what a familiar was, which pleased her. Here was her chance to show off and make him feel stupid.

"Everybody knows what that is," she said in a snobbish voice.

"Well, I don't, so tell me."

"A familiar," she began, "is an animal or thing like a black cat or broom which witches have to protect themselves from harm."

"That's silly, you're no witch and how could that dumb doll protect you from harm?"

"I am too a witch," demanded Mimsy and it was clear to Ted that if he wanted to gain Mimsy's friendship he had better either agree with her or change the subject. He decided to change the subject.

As he removed a flashlight from his back pocket, he said: "I know where there are some caves. Do you want to come along?"

"Caves!" said Mimsy and her face lit up into a smile. Dark holes in the ground, filled with bats and mystery. Caves. Sure, she'd love to explore some caves.

She followed Ted through the woods until they reached the side of a mountain. Mimsy saw at least four openings, circled by stones and brush, and asked

Ted which one were they going into. Ted pointed to the third one from the left and the two of them climbed inside, Ted with his flashlight and Mimsy with Tash.

The interior of the cave was larger than she imagined it would be, but perhaps it seemed big because it was so dark. One source of light came from the entrance, an opening only wide enough to allow them to crawl through one at a time, and the only other light came from Ted's flashlight.

The oval of light from the flashlight slithered across the rough stone walls to disappear down a tunnel. Mimsy was a bit reluctant to explore the tunnel, but Ted urged her on.

"I know these caves," he said confidently, but there were times that he seemed to be unsure about which direction to turn. The path forked as they walked through the tunnel and at each fork Ted said: "Now, I know where we are;" but every time he said it, he appeared less certain. Finally, Mimsy demanded to leave and that's when Ted had to admit: "We're lost."

Mimsy began to cry with fear and tried to hug Tash closer to her only to discover that Tash was no longer in her arms.

"Tasha," she cried out, "Tash, where are you?"

Ted was furious with her for searching for her doll. "Don't you realize," he said angrily, "that we could starve to death if we aren't found? Stop worrying about your stupid toy."

For some reason, Ted's words did not comfort Mimsy and her fright increased when the batteries in Ted's flashlight died, plunging them into total darkness. Rather than stumbling through the tunnel and bumping into rocks, they decided to rest for a few minutes. They slept for hours.

Ted was the first to awake. He had dreamt that he had heard the sound of someone calling Mimsy's name, but when he awoke he still heard the sound. He poked Mimsy until she was also awake and heard the voice. Mimsy recognized it immediately.

"That's my daddy's voice," she said with a thrill and, after some shouting back and forth, they were rescued. The rescue party had even found Tash.

"You know," said Mimsy's daddy to her, "I didn't know that your doll was a mechanical walking doll, but it's a good thing that she was because she led us right to you. She walked into that cave, and we followed her."

"There's no motor inside Tasha," Mimsy assured him. "There's nothing inside her except cotton."

Mimsy's father smiled and said: "You really take after your mother, don't you."

Mimsy's mother was also a witch.